[CONTINUED.]

My position has altered for the worse.

I have been obliged to fill my empty purse, for a little while, by means of a bit of stamped paper. And how shall I meet my liabilities when the note falls due? Let time answer the question; for the present the evil day is put off. In the meanwhile, if that literary speculation of yours is answering no better than my newspaper I can lend you a few pounds to get on with. What do you say (on second thoughts) to coming back to your old quarters at Passy and giving me your valuable advice by word of mouth instead of by letter?

Come, and feel my pulse and look at my tongue—and tell me how these various anxieties of mine are going to end before we are any of us a year older. Shall I, like you, be separated from my wife—at her request: oh, not at mine! Or shall I be locked up in prison? And what will become of you? Do you take the hint, doctor?

CHAPTER XXXV.—IRIS TO MRS. VIMPANY.

"Entreat Lady Harry not to write to me. She will be tempted to do so, when she hears that there is good hope of Mr. Mountjoy's recovery. But, even from that loving and generous heart, I must not accept expressions of gratitude which would only embarrass me. All that I have done, as a nurse, and all that I may yet hope to do, is no more than an effort to make amends for my past life. Iris has my heart's truest wishes for her happiness. Until I can myself write to her without danger, let this be enough."

In those terms, dearest of women, your friend has sent your message to me. My love respects, as well as admires, you; your wishes are commands to me. At the same time, I may find some relief from the fears of the future that oppress me, if I can confide them to friendly ears. May I not harmlessly write to you, if I only write of my own poor self?

Try, dear, to remember those pleasant days when you were staying with us, in our honeymoon time, in Paris.

You warned me, one evening when we were alone, to be on my guard against any circumstances which might excite my husband's jealousy. Since then, the trouble that you foresaw has fallen on me; mainly, I am afraid, through my own want of self-control. It is so hard for a woman, when she really loves a man, to understand a state of mind which can make him doubt her.

I have discovered that jealousy varies. Let me tell you what I mean.

Lord Harry was silent and sullen (ah, how well I knew what that meant!) while the life of our poor Hugh was in jeopardy. When I read the good news which told me that he was no longer in danger, I don't know whether there was any change worth remarking in myself—but there was a change in my husband, delightful to see. His face showed such sweet sympathy when he looked at me, he spoke so kindly and nicely of Hugh that I could only express my pleasure by kissing him. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that his hateful jealousy appeared again at that moment. He looked surprised, he looked suspicious—he looked, I declare, as if he doubted whether I meant it with all my heart when I kissed him! What incomprehensible creatures men are! We read in novels of women who are able to manage their masters. I wish I knew how to manage mine.

We have been getting into debt. For some weeks past, this sad state of things has been a burden on my mind. Day after day, I have been expecting him to speak of our situation, and have found him obstinately silent. Is his mind entirely occupied with other things? Or is he unwilling to speak of our anxieties because the subject humiliates him? Yesterday, I could bear it no longer.

"Our debts are increasing," I said. "Have you thought of any way of paying them?"

I had feared that my question might irritate him. To my relief, he seemed to be diverted by it.

"The payment of debts," he replied, "is a problem that I am too poor to solve. Perhaps, I got near to it the other day."

I asked how.

"Well," he said, "I found myself wishing I had some rich friends. By-the-by, how is your rich friend? What have you heard lately of Mr. Mountjoy?"

"I have heard that he is steadily advancing towards recovery."

"Likely, I dare say, to return to France when he feels equal to it," my husband remarked. "He is a good-natured creature. If he finds himself in Paris again, I wonder whether he will pay us another visit?"

He said this quite seriously. On my side, I was too much astonished to utter a word. My bewilderment seemed to amuse him. In his own pleasant way he explained himself:

"I ought to have told you, my dear, that I was in Mr. Mountjoy's company the night before he returned to England. We had said some disagreeable things to each other, here in the cottage, while you were away in your room. My tongue got the better of my judgment. In short, I spoke rudely to our guest. Thinking over it afterwards, I felt that I ought to make an apology. He received my sincere excuses with an amiability of manner and a grace of language which raised him greatly in my estimation."

There you have Lord Harry's own words! Who would suppose that he had ever been jealous of the man whom he spoke of in this way?

I explain it to myself, partly by the charm in Hugh's look and manner, which everybody feels: partly by the readiness with which my husband's variable nature receives new impressions. I hope you agree with me. In any case, pray let Hugh see what I have written to you in this place, and ask him what he thinks of it.*

*NOTE BY MRS. VIMPANY.—I shall certainly not be foolish enough to show what she has written to Mr. Mountjoy. Poor deluded Iris! Miserable fatal marriage!

Encouraged, as you will easily understand, by the delightful prospect of a reconciliation between them, I was eager to take my first opportunity of speaking freely of Hugh. Up to that time it had been a hard trial to keep to myself so much that was deeply interesting in my thoughts and hopes. But my hours of disappointment were not at an end yet. We were interrupted.

A letter was brought to us—one of many, already received!—insisting on immediate payment of a debt that had been too long unsettled.

The detestable subject of our poverty insisted on claiming attention when there was a messenger outside, waiting for my poor Harry's last French bank note.

"What is to be done?" I said, when we were left by ourselves again.

My husband's composure was something wonderful. He laughed, and lit a cigar.

"We have got to the crisis," he said. "The question of money has driven us into a corner at last. My darling, have you ever heard of such a thing as a promissory note?"

I was not quite so ignorant as he supposed me to be; I said I had heard my father speak of promissory notes.

This seemed to fail in convincing him. "Your father," he remarked, "used to pay his notes when they fell due."

I betrayed my ignorance, after all.

"Doesn't everybody do the same?" I asked.

He burst out laughing. "We will send the maid to get a bit of stamped paper," he said; "I'll write the message for her, this time."

Those last words alluded to Fanny's ignorance of the French language, which made it necessary to provide her with written instructions, when she was sent on an errand. In our domestic affairs, I was able to do this; but, in the present case, I only handed the message to her. When she returned with a slip of stamped paper, Harry called to me to come to the writing-table.

"Now, my sweet," he said, "see how easily money is to be got with a scratch of a pen."

I looked over his shoulder. In less than a minute it was done; and he had produced ten thousand francs on paper—in English money (as he told me), four hundred pounds. This seemed to be a large loan; I asked how he proposed to pay it back. He kindly reminded me that he was a newspaper proprietor, and, as such, possessed of the means of inspiring confidence in persons with money to spare. They could afford, it seems, to give him three months in which to arrange for repayment. In that time, as he thought, the profits of the new journal might come pouring in. He knew best, of course.

We took the next train to Paris and turned our bit of paper into notes and gold. Never was there such a delightful companion as my husband, when he has got money in his pocket. After so much sorrow and anxiety, for weeks past, that memorable afternoon was like a glimpse of Paradise.

On the next morning there was an end to my short-lived enjoyment of no more than the latter half of a day.

Watching her opportunity, Fanny Mere came to me while I was alone, carrying a thick letter in her hand. She held it before me with the address uppermost.

"Please to look at that," she said.

The letter was directed (in Harry's handwriting) to Mr. Vimpany, at a publishing office in London. Fanny next turned the envelope the other way.

"Look at this side," she resumed.

The envelope was specially protected by a seal, bearing a device of my husband's own invention; that is to say, the initials of his name (Harry Norland) surmounted by a star—his lucky star, as he paid me the compliment of calling it, on the day when he married me. I was thinking of that day now. Fanny saw me looking, with a sad heart, at the impression on the wax. She completely misinterpreted the direction taken by my thoughts.

"Tell me to do it, my lady," she proceeded, "and I'll open the letter."

I looked at her. She showed no confusion.

"I can seal it up again," she coolly explained, "with a bit of fresh wax and my thimble. Perhaps Mr. Vimpany won't be sober enough to notice it."

"Do you know, Fanny, that you are making a dishonorable proposal to me?" I said.

"I know there's nothing I can do to help you that I won't do," she answered; "and you know why. I have made a dishonorable proposal—have I? That comes quite naturally to a lost woman like me. Shall I tell you what honor means? It means sticking at nothing, in your service. Please tell me to open the letter."

"How did you come by the letter, Fanny?"

"My master gave it to me to put in the post."

"Then, post it."

The strange creature, so full of contraries—so sensitive at one time, so impenetrable at another—pointed again to the address.

"When the master writes to that man," she went on—"a long letter (if you will notice) and a sealed letter—your ladyship ought to see what is inside it. I haven't a doubt myself that there's writing under this seal which bodes trouble to you. The spare bedroom is empty. Do you want to have the doctor for your visitor again? Don't tell me to post the letter till I've opened it first."

"I do tell you to post the letter."

Fanny submitted, so far. But she had a new form of persuasion to try before her reserves of resistance were exhausted. "If the doctor comes back," she continued, "will your ladyship give me leave to go out whenever I ask for it."

This was surely presuming on my indulgence.

"Are you not expecting a little too much?" I suggested—not unkindly.

"If you say that, my lady," she answered, "I shall be obliged to ask you to suit yourself with another maid."

There was a tone of dictation in this which I found beyond endurance. In my anger I said: "Leave me whenever you like."

"I shall leave you when I'm dead—not before," was the reply that I received. "But if you won't let me have my liberty without going away from you, for a time, I must go—for your sake."

(For my sake! Pray observe that.)

She went on:

"Try to see it, my lady, as I do! If we have the doctor with us again I must be able to watch him."

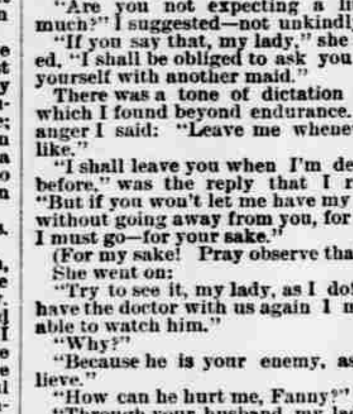
"Why?"

"Because he is your enemy, as I believe."

"How can he hurt me, Fanny?"

"Through your husband, my lady, if he can do it in no other way. Mr. Vimpany shall have a spy at his heels. Dishonorable! oh, dishonorable again! Never mind. I don't pretend to know what that villain means to do, if he and my lord get together again. But this I can tell you, if it's in woman's wit to circumvent him, here I am with my mind made up. With my mind made up!" she repeated fiercely—and recovered on a sudden her customary character as a quiet well-trained servant, devoted to her duties. "I'll take my master's letter to the post now," she said. "Is there anything your ladyship wants in the town?"

What do you think of Fanny Mere? Ought I to have treated this last offer of



In earnest conversation.

her services as I treated her proposal to open the letter? I was not able to do it.

The truth is, I was so touched by her devotion to me, that I could not prevail on myself to mortify her by a refusal. I believe there may be a good reason for the distrust of the doctor which possesses her so strongly; and I feel the importance of having this faithful and determined woman for an ally. Let me hope that Mr. Vimpany's friend (if it is to take place) may be delayed until you can safely write, with your own hand, such a letter of wise advice as I sadly need.

In the meantime, give my love to Hugh, and say to this dear friend all that I might have said for myself, if I had been near him. But take care that his recovery is not retarded by anxiety for me. Pray keep him in ignorance of the doubts and fears with which I am now looking at the future. If I was not so fond of my husband, I should be easier in my mind. This sounds contradictory, but I believe you will understand it. For a while, my dear, good-by.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE DOCTOR MEANS MISCHIEF.

On the day after Lord Harry's description of the state of his mind reached London a gentleman presented himself at the publishing office of Messrs. Boldside Brothers and asked for the senior partner, Mr. Peter Boldside. When he sent in his card it bore the name of "Mr. Vimpany."

"To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted, sir, for the honor of your visit?" the senior partner inquired. His ingratiating manners, his genial smile, his roundly resonant voice were personal advantages of which he made a merciless use. The literary customer who entered the office, hesitating before the question of publishing a work at his own expense, generally decided to pay the penalty when he encountered Mr. Peter Boldside.

"I want to inquire about the sale of my work," Mr. Vimpany replied.

"Ah, doctor, you have come to the wrong man. You must go to my brother."

Mr. Vimpany protested. "You mentioned the terms when I first applied to you," he said, "and you signed the agreement."

"That is in my department," the senior partner gently explained. "And I shall write the check when, as we both hope, your large profits will fall due. But our sales of works are in the department of my brother, Mr. Paul Boldside." He rang a bell; a clerk appeared, and received his instructions. "Mr. Paul. Good-morning, doctor."

Mr. Paul was, personally speaking, his brother repeated—without the deep voice, and without the genial smile. Conducted to the office of the junior partner, Mr. Vimpany found himself in the presence of a stranger, occupied in turning over the pages of a newspaper. When his name was announced the publisher started and handed his newspaper to the doctor.

"This is a coincidence," he said. "I was looking, sir, for your name in the pages which I have just put into your hand. Surely the editor cannot have refused to publish your letter?"

Mr. Vimpany was sober, and therefore sad, and therefore (again) not to be trifled with by a mystifying reception. "I don't understand you," he answered gruffly. "What do you mean?"

"Is it possible that you have not seen last week's number of the paper?" Mr. Paul asked. "And you a literary man!" He forthwith produced the last week's number, and opened it at the right place. "Read that, sir," he said, with something in his manner which looked like virtuous indignation.

Mr. Vimpany found himself confronted by a letter addressed to the doctor. It was signed by an eminent physician, whose portrait had appeared in the first serial part of the new work—accompanied by a brief memoir of his life, which purported to be written by himself. Not one line of the autobiography (this celebrated person declared) had proceeded from his pen. Mr. Vimpany had impudently published an imaginary memoir, full of false reports and scandalous inventions—and this after he had been referred to a trustworthy source for the necessary particulars. Stating these facts, the indignant physician cautioned readers to beware of purchasing a work which, so far as he was concerned, was nothing less than a fraud on the public.

"If you can answer that letter, sir," Mr. Paul Boldside resumed, "the better it will be, I can tell you, for the sale of your publication."

Mr. Vimpany made a reckless reply: "I want to know how the thing sells. Never mind the letter."

"Never mind the letter!" the junior partner repeated. "A positive charge of fraud is advanced by a man at the head of his profession against a work which we have published—and you say, 'Never mind the letter!'"

The rough customer of the Boldside struck his fist on the table. "Bother the letter! I insist on knowing what the sale is."

Mr. Vimpany tore up the account and threw the pieces in the face of Mr. Paul.

Still preserving his dignity, Mr. Paul (like Mr. Peter) rang for the clerk, and briefly gave an order. "Mr. Vimpany's account," he said—and proceeded to admonish Mr. Vimpany himself. "You appear, sir, to have no defense of your conduct to offer. Our firm has a reputation to preserve. When I have consulted with my brother, we shall be under the disagreeable necessity—"

Here (as he afterwards told his brother) the publisher was brutally interrupted by the author.

"If you will have it," said this rude man, "here it is in two words. The doctor's portrait is the likeness of an ass. As he couldn't do it himself, I wanted materials for writing his life. He referred me to the year of his birth, the year of his marriage, the year of this, that and the other. Who cares about dates? The public likes to be tickled by personal statements. Very well—I tickled the subject. There you have it in a nutshell."

The clerk appeared at that suspicious moment, with the author's account neatly exhibited under two sides—a debtor side, which represented the expenditure of Hugh Mountjoy's money, and a creditor side, which represented (so far) Mr. Vimpany's profits. Amount of these last: £4 14s. 10d.

Mr. Vimpany tore up the account, threw the pieces in the face of Mr. Paul, and expressed his sentiments in one opprobrious word: "Swindlers!"

The publisher: "You shall hear of us, sir, through our lawyer."

And the author answered: "Go to the devil!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE FIRST QUARREL.

Once out in the street again, the first open door at which Mr. Vimpany stopped was the door of a tavern. He ordered a glass of brandy and water, and a cigar.

It was then the hour of the afternoon, between the time of luncheon and the time of dinner, when the business of a tavern is generally in a state of suspense. The dining-room was empty when Mr. Vimpany entered it, and the waiter's unoccupied attention was in want of an object. Having nothing else to notice, he looked at the person who had just come in. The deluded stranger was drinking fiery potato-brandy and smoking (at the foreign price) an English cigar. Would his taste tell him the melancholy truth? No; it seemed to matter nothing to him what he was drinking or what he was smoking. Now he looked angry and now he looked puzzled: and now he took a long letter from his pocket, and read it in places, and marked the places with a pencil. "Up to some mischief," was the waiter's interpretation of the signs. The stranger ordered a second glass of grog, and drank it in gulps, and fell into such deep thought that he let his cigar go out. Evidently, a man in search of an idea. And, to all appearance, he found what he wanted on a sudden. In a hurry he paid his reckoning, and left his small change and his unfinished cigar on the table, and was off before the waiter could say "Thank you."

The next place at which he stopped was a fine house in a spacious square. A carriage was waiting at the door. The servant who opened the door knew him.

"Sir James is going out again, sir, in two minutes," the man said. Mr. Vimpany answered: "I won't keep him two minutes."

A bell rang from the room on the ground floor; and a gentleman came out as Mr. Vimpany was shown in. Sir James' stethoscope was still in his hand; his latest medical fee lay on the table.

"Some other day, Vimpany," the great surgeon said; "I have no time to give you now."

"Will you give me a minute?" the humble doctor asked.

"Very well. What is it?"

"I am down in the world now, Sir James, as you know—and I am trying to pick myself up again."

"Very creditable, my good fellow. How can I help you? Come, come—out with it. You want something."

"I want your great name to do me a great service. I am going to France. A letter of introduction from you will open doors which might be closed to an unknown man like myself."

"What doors do you mean?" Sir James asked.

"The doors of the hospitals in Paris."

"Wait a minute, Vimpany. Have you any particular object in view?"

"A professional object, of course," the ready doctor answered. "I have got an idea for a new treatment of disease of the lungs, and I want to see if the French have made any recent discoveries in that direction."

Sir James took up his pen—and hesitated. His ill-starred medical colleague had been his fellow-student and his friend in the days when they were both young men. They had seen but little of each other since they had gone their different ways—one of them on the high road which leads to success, and the other down the byways which end in failure. The famous surgeon felt a passing doubt of the use which his needy and vagabond inferior might make of his name. For a moment his pen was held suspended over the paper. But the man of great reputation was also a man of great heart. Old associations pleaded with him, and won their cause. His companion of former times left the house provided with a letter of introduction to the chief surgeon at the Hotel Dieu, in Paris.

Mr. Vimpany's next and last proceeding for that day was to stop at a telegraph-office, and to communicate economically with Lord Harry in three words:

"Expect me to-morrow."

Early in the morning of the next day Lord Harry received the doctor's telegram. Iris not having risen at the time, he sent for Fanny Mere, and ordered her to get the spare room ready for a guest. The maid's busy suspicion tempted her to put a venturesome question. She asked if the person expected was a lady or a gentleman.

"What business is it of yours who the visitor is?" her master asked sharply. Always easy and good-humored with his inferiors in general, Lord Harry had taken a dislike to his wife's maid from the moment when he had first seen her. His Irish feeling for beauty and brightness was especially offended by the unhealthy pallor of the woman's complexion and the sullen self-suppression of her manner. All that his native ingenuity had been able to do was to make her a means of paying a compliment to his wife. "Your maid has one merit, in my eyes," he said; "she is a living proof of the sweetness of your temper."

Iris joined her husband at the breakfast table with an appearance of disturbance in her face, seldom seen during the dull days of her life at Passy. "I hear of somebody coming to stay with us," she said. "Not Mr. Vimpany again, I hope, and trust?"

Lord Harry was careful to give his customary morning kiss, before he replied. "Why shouldn't my faithful old friend come and see me again?" he asked, with his winning smile.

"Pray don't speak of that hateful man," she answered, "as your faithful old friend! He is nothing of the kind. What did you tell me when he took leave of us after his last visit, and I owned I was glad that he was gone? You said: 'Faith, my dear, I'm as glad as you are.'"

Her good-natured husband laughed at this little picture of himself. "Ah, my darling, how many more times am I to make the same confession to my pretty priest? Try to remember, without more telling, that it's one of my misfortunes to be a man of many tempers. There are times when I get tired to death of Vimpany; and there are times when the cheery old devil exercises fascinations over me. I declare you're spoiling the eyebrows that I admire by letting them twist themselves into a frown? After the trouble I have taken to clear your mind of prejudice against an unfortunate man, it's disheartening to find you so hard on the poor fellow's faults and so blind to his virtues."

The time had been when this remonstrance might have influenced his wife's opinion. She passed it over without notice, now.

"Does he come here by your invitation?" she asked.

"How else should he come here, my dear?"

She looked at her husband with doubt too plainly visible in her eyes. "I wonder what your motive is for sending for him," she said.

He was just lifting his teacup to his lips—he put it down again when he heard those words.

"Are you ill this morning?" he asked.

"No."

"Have I said anything that has offended you?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I must tell you this, Iris: I don't approve of what you have just said. It sounds, to my mind, unpleasantly like suspicion of me and suspicion of my friend. I see your face confessing it, my lady, at this moment."

"You are half right, Harry, and no more. What you see in my face is suspicious of your friend."

"Founded on what, if you please?"

"Founded on what I have seen of him and on what I know of him. When you tried to alter my opinion of Mr. Vimpany, some time since, I did my best to make my view your view. I deceived myself for your sake. I put the best construction on what he said and did when he was staying here. It was well meant, but it was of no use. In a thousand different ways, while he was doing his best to win my favor, his true self was telling tales of him under the fair surface. Mr. Vimpany is a bad man. He is the very worst friend you could have about you at any time—and especially at a time when your patience is tried by needy circumstances."

"One word, Iris. The more eloquent you are, the more I admire you. Only, don't mention my needy circumstances again."

[To be continued.]

WIT AND HUMOR.

Necessity is the mother of invention; and likewise the father of lies.—*Puck.*

The most sweeping argument of the irate housewife is the broomstick.—*Rome Sentinel.*

If our sins were only unobtrusive as the goodness of others is obtrusive!—*Atchison Globe.*

If the boys don't kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses.—*Binghamton Leader.*

New York soared high for the Fair, but Chicago's pen was mightier than her soared.—*Puck.*

The man who is too fond of his ante usually makes the acquaintance of his uncle.—*Boston Post.*

No bald-headed man who sits in the front row at the theater is a hero to his ballet.—*Boston Gazette.*

Rowne de Bout—"Are you still in the swim?" Upson Downes—"Yes; on my back just at present."—*Puck.*

It improves your memory to lend a friend $5, but it destroys the memory of your friend.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?" "I think so. All my husband's oaths are very ill-natured."—*Puck.*

Before getting into the "swim" a man should be reasonably sure that he can keep his head above water.—*Boston Courier.*

Q.—"What did the Saul of Tarsus do when the light of heaven blinded him?" A.—"Why, why he—he tumbled."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Edith—"It's the little things that tell in this life." Alice—"Well, you'd think so if you had two small brothers, as I have."—*Jester.*

It must be a matter of regret to the man who likes to hear himself talk to be told that he has been talking in his sleep.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

He—"The cutlet is cold again, darling. Now, what would you do if I scolded just a little?" She—"Make it hot for you, dearest."—*Jester.*

First Drummer—"Get any orders this morning?" Second Drummer—"Yes, one." First—"What was it?" Second—"Git!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Country Rector—"I haven't seen you at church lately." Old Woman—"No, sir; I heered as how it was very unhealthful to sleep in the daytime."—*Jester.*

"I tell you, George, if there was less money in the world there would be more religion." "That may be; but the collections would fall off."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Farmer—"Out huntin' be ye?" City sportsman (wearily)—"Y-e-s, been hunting all day for a patch of woods without a law-penalty sign on it."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Every man should have a good opinion of himself. He may find it hard to persuade other people to perform this arduous duty for him.—*Somerville Journal.*

The ideal woman's hat is a section of chaos, without form and void of architectural value, further improved by having its formlessness knocked out of shape.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Is that cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a peddler. "Any good!" was the reply. "Why, you could mend the break of day with that cement."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"My husband attended the revival meeting and has got religion." "Is he a bone-fide convert?" "O, Yes." "Then I suppose he will go out of the ice business."—*Boston Budget.*

Mr. Deighton—"Ah, Miss Western, 'do so admire you mother's carriage, so graceful and dignified." Miss Western—"Yes, it is a swell turnout; pa paid $1,200 for it."—*Bostonian.*

"And now, professor, what do you think of my voice?" "Well, it all depends. You haven't told me yet. Do you intend becoming an auctioneer or a huckster?"—*Philadelphia Times.*

"I will sing for you," said Harry, who never hears the clock strike. "Shall I sing 'How Can I Leave You'?" "No," she replied wearily, "not unless you know the answer."—*Washington Post.*

"You make a great mistake in speaking of that as a baby joke." "Why, isn't it?" "Not exactly. It is a joke about a baby; but it is too old and gray-haired to be a baby joke."—*Harper's Bazar.*

She—"Shakspeare is simply marvelous." Young Talkley—"He is, indeed! Even the names he gives his minor characters have a deep significance. Look at Pistol, for instance. He was always loaded."—*Bostonian.*

Dr. Dexter of the *Congregationalist* thinks that all the daily newspapers will be, eventually, religious journals. This leads us to believe that all the religious weeklies will be, eventually, Christian journals.—*Norristown Herald.*

Miss Beaconhill—"I wonder what the philosophical reason is that men who mind their own business generally succeed?" Jack Mathews—"Perhaps because there is so little competition in that line."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Tailor (measuring little Blobbs)—"Very singular, this, sir." Blobbs—"What's that?" Tailor—"All your measurements are exactly the same as the Apollo Belvedere statue." (Blobbs orders two suits instead of one.)—*The Jester.*

Mrs. De Sense—"What are you reading so intently, my dear?" Mr. De Sense—"An article on 'American Pork in Europe.'" Mrs. De Sense—"Mercy on me! Have any more heiresses been selling themselves for titles?"—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"I see that a soda-water trust is talked of," remarked a Pittsburger to his best girl as they quaffed the sweet atmosphere. "Ah," she replied, "then if they would only trust us for ice cream, too, how nice it would be."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A TOUGH INDIAN.

What a Red Man Full of Whiskey Went Through.

To show what an Indian can stand, when he has to, I may tell of an incident which happened during the Winter I was with them. Towards evening, on a very cold Winter day, when it was snowing just a little and drifting a great deal, an Indian came to the log house with half a jug full of whisky and his rifle. I imagine that the jug had been entirely full of whisky when he started and by the time he got to the house he was in rather a jolly condition. The jug and the rifle were taken away from him and he was ordered to get to his wigwam as quick as he could before darkness came on. He left, and was supposed to have gone to the camp, but early next morning his squaw appeared at the house and said that he had not come home that night, and as the night was very cold she had been anxious about him. Then the search for the lost Indian began. He was found in one of the sheds near the barn, under a heap of drifted snow, and the chances are that the snow that was above him had helped to save his life. The searchers for the Indian had gone in different directions, and it was his own squaw who, with true Indian instinct, had tracked him out, and she was alone when she found him. Apparently the Indian was a frozen corpse. She tumbled him out of his snow bank and pulled off his blankets, and dragged him down to the creek, where a deep hole was cut in the ice for the purpose of watering the cattle. Laying the Indian out on the snow she took the pan that was beside the ice-hole and, filling it repeatedly, dashed pailful after pailful of ice water over the body of the Indian. By the time the other unsuccessful searchers had returned she had her old man thawed out and seated by the fire wrapped up in blankets. There is no question that if he had been found by the others and had been taken into the house frozen as he was he would have died.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Her Little Brother.

"O Mr. Dusenberry," cried her little brother, "I'm so glad you are going to be kin to me."

"Ah, Johnny, is that so?" he gasped, a look of happiness flitting over his face. "How did you know? Come here and sit on my lap and tell me all you have heard."

"Sister's other feller came here last night," began the boy, after he was safely in the arms of the young man, devouring a quarter's worth of candy, "and I heard them talking 'bout you."

"What did they say?"

"He was mad," replied the terror, "'cause sis goes with you so much."

"And what was her reply to him?" continued the young man, the look of happiness spreading further across his features.

"She said," began the youth again, "that he need't get mad 'cause you come to see her, as you was a soft snap and was saving him lots of money that would go to fixin up their house after they were married."

The look of contentment on the young man's face gave way to the pallor of despair as he gasped:

"Well, how is that going to make me kin to you?"

"Oh," went on the boy, "I'm comin to that now. She said that when you proposed to her she would be a sister to you; and won't that make you my brother?"

As the child picked himself off the floor he beheld the form of the young man flit through the front door—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Modern Changes in Literature.

The working author, he whose ink is bread, recognizes more than ever before the commercial side of literature as a most potent factor in this work, says a writer in *The Ladies' Home Journal.* There was a time, and not so long ago, when authors could write fore pleasure, when competition was not so keen, and their productions were certain of acceptance in certain channels. Everything they wrote was acceptable because they wrote it, upon the argument that they had cut out for themselves a certain constituency which hailed anything from their pen, good, bad and indifferent. Two or three authors often constituted the resources of a magazine. All this has changed. No writer, however strong or popular, can carry the subscription list of a magazine in his or her pocket. Variety is the order of the day. The magazine which gives the greatest variety in a single issue is the one most bought and enjoyed. "I do not care for a magazine," said a literary woman recently, "in which I know before I open its pages, exactly what writers I shall find in it," and in that remark lies the key to the modern literary taste. One beneficial effect which this tendency is undoubtedly having is the doing away with cliqueism in periodical literature. In fact, it cannot be truthfully said of one prominent magazine to-day, as it could as late as a year ago, that it is "cliquey." Editors fully recognize the necessity of continually presenting a different array of writers, and thereby securing a variety of style and thought. To the old writers who have been accustomed for years to write for a single periodical this new order of things is disastrous in one respect, but for the whole school of modern writers it is a decided advantage.

The Press in Interior Africa.

Thanks to the missionaries, inner Africa is now able to do a good deal of her own printing, as the Portugese found out in October last. They received a printed declaration from Consul Johnston announcing that a large part of the Shire River region had been placed under the protection of Great Britain. The typesetting and press work had been done by black boys at Blantyre, the now famous mission station in the beautiful Shire Highlands, where the wilderness has been made to blossom, hundreds of acres have been turned into plantations and grain fields, while scores of children are studying in the schools. It has cost $200,000 thus far to bring about this transformation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Kansas Philosophy.

When your ship finally comes in it may be a wreck.

A fool can never sit in a corner; he is always in the middle of the room.

It is not what others think of you that makes you; it is what you think of others.

When you find a man who is fond of staying at home, his wife finds fault about it.

People are never satisfied: women want to wear pants, and men *do* wear dress suits.

People who are fond of dancing ought to learn to play the fiddle, and save that expense.

When a man has a sore throat and it hurts him to swallow, he wants to swallow all the time.

A man never feels so bad that he will not feel worse if no one asks him what he is feeling badly about.

When a man reaches 40 he begins to look around for the names of men who distinguished themselves after that age.

If he is not careful, a busy man will do so many things wrong during a day that it would have been better had he not worked at all.

When a rooster clucks, and a rooster runs up instead of a pullet, the second rooster is very apt to think that the worm is mighty small for the amount of noise made.

MISSING LINKS.

Over eleven thousand live lobsters were shipped from Eastport Me., in one day.

Gen. Butler's hitherto crooked eye is said to be now perfectly straight, and some people believe he has it on '92.

A German photographer picturing the flight of a cannon ball moving 1,800 feet a second exposed his plate the 10,000th part of a second.

It is reported that 71,000 negroes have left North Carolina in the last fifteen months. The estimate is said to be based on careful investigation.

Two monuments to Mazzini are to be inaugurated this year in Italy, one in Genoa, his birthplace, and the other in Rome, his burial place, on the Janiculum Hill.

The kangaroo is being successfully propagated in England, and there is some likelihood of this curious animal taking its place among the most familiar domestic animals of that country.

Erastus Wiman says it is the 50,000 or 60,000 Canadians who annually come over into New England, in spite of the law, that enables the farmers of that region to till all their land.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* thinks the best way to redeem Eastern Kentucky from its perverse lawlessness is to give it two normal schools. The State Legislature has the proposition in hand.

Henry Warren of New Haven, who sells papers on Connecticut railroad-trains, is doubtless the Nestor of news-boys. He is in his 82d year, and has the further distinction of a third set of teeth, now well through.

County Andrassy in his will declared in an introductory passage that it was his conviction that the maintenance of great landed estates is essential to the continued prosperity of the country. For this reason he entailed his estates.

President Dwight, of Yale, says the permanent fund of the university must be increased $500,000 if the institution is to subserve her mission and the needs of the times. The total amount of gifts for the last calendar year was $716,000.

The Roumanian Queen, Carmen Sylva, is an illustrious epicure. She has invented several dishes, and sometimes cooks one for the King with her own hands. She tries them on her royal lord and if he survives she knows they are all right.

Grasshopper-like vehicles comfortably trundling over the smooth pavements of Washington are called the herdic. For years the herdic has been a well-patronized form of conveyance in that city. It is so called from its inventor, Peter Herdic, a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, G. C. B., to whom the Captain of the American Chesapeake surrendered off Boston Harbor June 1, 1813, is still living and senior Admiral of the fleet. Admiral Wallis was born in Halifax, N. S., April 12, 1791, and is therefore in his 100th year.

Secretary Blaine owns a farm of 400 acres near Elizabeth, Pa. He also owns the coal under 1,100 acres of surrounding land. Mr. Blaine purchased part of this land over twenty years ago. He has not mined any coal there since 1875. He seldom visits his farm, and it is said that he would like to sell it.

Senator Blackburn of Kentucky says: "A dude is simply the creation of peculiar conditions of society, and he may belong to any locality and be differently disguised. For instance, I know places in Kentucky where a man who would put on a $10 suit of store clothes and a white shirt would be regarded as a howling swell."

Here is a little Bible silhouette done by that master-hand Sam Jones: "My ideal of a man is John the Baptist, who jumped on a king and stomped the very feathers out of him. When he was put in jail he said he would stay there until the ants carried him out through the keyhole before he would modify anything that he had said."

The Helena *Journal* announces that it will publish serially the early history of the Flathead Indians and of the early missions in the Flathead country and Bitter Root Valley. The material of the history is from notes, transmitted through De Smit, by a young English adventurer named Cox, who visited the Northwest in the ship Beaver, fitted out in 1811 by John Jacob Astor.

President Clover of the Kansas Farmers' Alliance, says: "What we need now is some statesmen of the George Washington, Abe Lincoln, Ben Wade, Thomas Jefferson, and Andrew Jackson style. Mouth legislation and telescope farming is what has brought the country to its present condition. 'Brigadier' skins are the thinnest clothing a shivering family was ever wrapped up in."

The lecture field is to be recruited by a talker on a theme no less National than the interior of the Washington Capitol. The man is "Jake" Kennedy, for the last few years the most successful guide in that great bu'ding. He was formerly a Wall street broker. He knows every story that ever found place in the Capital, and when he hasn't a story wherewith to amuse his patrons he invents one.

To a free and above-board country like this, the secrecy observed in the war and navy departments of foreign powers is to say the least quite interesting. For instance, Russia is about to spend $7,000,000 on a long desired naval station in the Baltic. To keep Germany from knowing the plans, strategic and otherwise, not a German will be employed in the works nor be allowed to visit the locality.

Chief-Justice Fuller looks a good deal more like a cavalry officer than the presiding Judge of the United States Supreme Court. Even seated on the bench, with the golden eagle flapping its wings over his head, and clad in the silk robes of his office, there is little of the judicial about his appearance. It is the heavy mustache, nearly white, that distinguishes the Chief Justice from his brethren and gives him a war-like look. He is certainly the handsomest man on the bench. Men and women agree as to that.

Grave of an African Queen.

Hester Cora Mitchell, as she was known there after becoming the slave of ex-Gov. Mitchell, is buried in the cemetery in this city. She was a queen of some African tribe, and came to this country voluntarily, bringing with her all insignia of her royalty—crown and robes and jewels, &c. She was pleased with this country, and resolved to lay down her robes of royalty and become a slave, as above stated. Every Christmas until her death, she would appear before the negroes in all the gorgeousness of her queenly paraphernalia. After this exhibition, she would retire, lay aside her queenly attire, and go into the kitchen as humbly as any of the other servants of Gov. Mitchell. When Hester Cora died Gov. Mitchell had her buried in her regalia.—*Milledgeville (Ga.) Chronicle.*

Rounder (to tailor)—"I should think you'd be tired standing up all day cutting out garments." Tailor—"I don't mind that. What makes me tired is to be stood up for six months for the payment of a suit of clothes."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Before a man is married and he has asked the fatal question, he sometimes has to beg her to break through her shyness and only give him one little word. But he never has occasion to beg for a word after marriage.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Lillian Russell's Photographs.

By the bye, the photographers all agree that the most satisfactory woman to take is beautiful Lillian Russell. She certainly makes an exquisite picture, and it is said that in addition to her knowledge of dressing and posing artistically, she can, just before they squeeze the tube, throw into her eyes that bewitching look that has brought all New York and the rest of the United States at the feet of the grand duchess. I don't think there is anything in the heaven above like a photograph of Lillian Russell, so that there will be no harm whatever in the average woman falling down and worshipping it. She is one of the women, curiously enough, whose beauty has always been acknowledged by other women, and after looking at her a great deal the reason seems to be that there is a sweet leaven of femininity about her that would make her, quite outside of being a beauty, a popular woman among women. This doesn't by any means always attach itself to beauties.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Birds in the Window.

"Never put a bird in the window!" says Olive Thorn Miller in the *Christian Union.* "I rarely go into the street in summer, or even on a mild day in winter, that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the window. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap, a draught is blowing all the time over the delicate body. People have been told a thousand times that they must not put a bird in the draught, yet how few remember that there is always a draught in an open window!"

European Navies.

In the event of a European outbreak Great Britain would be able to send to sea at a moment's notice forty-four modern battleships and belted cruisers to cope, in case of necessity, with France's twenty-three, Russia's fifteen, Germany's twelve, or Italy's ten.

The largest saw-mill in the world is located at Clinton, Iowa. It cost $260,000 and is capable of sawing 450,000 feet of lumber in eight hours. It has seven band and three gang saws and two batteries of ten boilers each.

A western man has discovered a process of making whisky out of beans.

"A RACE WITH DEATH!"

Among the nameless heroes, none are more worthy of martyrdom than he who rode down the valley of the Conemaugh, warning the people ahead of the Johnstown flood. Mounted on a powerful horse, faster and faster went the rider, but the flood was swiftly gaining, until it caught the unlucky horseman and swept on, grinding, crushing, annihilating both weak and strong.

In the same way is disease lurking near, like unto the sword of Damocles, ready to fall, without warning, on its victim, who allows his system to become clogged up, and his blood poisoned, and thereby his health endangered. To eradicate these poisons from the system, no matter what their name or nature, and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, or eruptions, swellings, tumors and kindred disfigurements, keep the liver and kidneys healthy and vigorous, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the only blood-purifier sold on *trial.* Your money is returned if it doesn't do exactly as recommended. A concentrated vegetable extract. Sold by druggists, in large bottles, at $1.00.

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STANLEY AND EMIN.

Newly Published Details of Their Life While Crossing Africa.

Father Schynze, a German priest who accompanied Stanley and Emin from Victoria Nyanza to the coast, has just published a diary giving some interesting facts concerning the two great explorers. Of Emin he speaks in high praise:

"The difference between Emin and Stanley is very marked. The former is absorbed in scientific research, a very plain man, who lives more for science than any thing else, and is a learned linguist. Emin is in delicate health; but when we offer him wine which we keep for holy mass he brings it back without tasting it. 'I am going to ask for it some day,' he says, 'for a sick man; please save it until then.' It is a riddle to me how he can stand the journey. In the morning he has a cup of Turkish coffee without anything to eat. Then follows the march, during which he does not get down from his ass. In camp it is often evening before his men can attend to him. I never saw a European in Africa who could get along with so little. On the other hand, he can not work without his desk and chair. His time belongs to science; his spare moments to his daughter, whom he guards as the apple of his eye. She is always carried just before him, so that he can watch her in spite of his poor sight."

Stanley is not so well liked, although admired for his ability. Father Schynze says:

"Stanley is a leader, a commander. More than once he would like to break off all negotiations with the negro chiefs and treat them to lead and powder, but he curbs himself to avoid useless bloodshed. He keeps strict order. At sunrise a shrill whistle sounded by Stanley himself orders everybody to take his place in the caravan and march. He maintains the strictest discipline, and his men know him; scarcely has the last sound of the whistle died away before all stand ready to march with their burdens on their shoulders. Stanley lights his short pipe and armed with a long cane walks at the head of the caravan, followed by a boy with a parasol, his servant with a Winchester rifle, and a wagwana who leads his ass. Then follows the caravan. After an hour or two Stanley mounts his ass and the speed of the march is then much increased, but none of Stanley's men lag behind. But the great traveler can also be merry. He sits under a tree smoking his pipe and watches the pitching of his tent. When this is done he disappears into it and does not appear again until after sunset. I think he spends that part of the day in writing his notes, for whenever I have entered I have found him sitting by a large book. I believe that a description of the journey will be ready as soon as we come to the coast, for Stanley does not need to pay much attention to his caravan now, as the officers do all. If Stanley is in a cheerful frame of mind then the minutes we spend while the tents are being pitched are the most interesting of the whole day. He then tells incident after incident of his adventurous life with such fire and such vigorous expression that we forget how broken his French is."

A Writer of Bird Books.

A Brooklyn writer who does not need to leave her pretty home to attend to her pen work is Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. She has a specialty, and a unique one—descriptions of birds and their habits. Some of her books are "Bird Ways" and "In Nesting Time." It is not necessary for Mrs. Miller to go out into woods, and fields, and country byways to observe the pets of which she writes. It was very well for Thoreau to live in the woods, and John Burroughs may and does find it convenient to lurk about slyly to surprise the shy inhabitants of tree and nest, but Mrs. Miller, being a woman—and moreover a woman with a family—could not do that, so she wisely contrived to bring the birds indoors.

She has a room fitted up exclusively for her pets, and never were birds better cared for, according to all accounts. Here she can observe and train and experiment. The results of her observations are jotted down in blank books, of which there is one for each bird, inscribed with its name. Her articles on this subject are seen in all the leading magazines, though she does not confine herself to her specialty.—*Topeka Capital.*

The Dyak Girl.

If her parents belong to the common class she is perfectly free, choosing the man she likes and carrying on her courtship without the slightest interference. Neither father nor mother alludes to her conduct until the young man makes them a proposal. The case of a chief's daughter is otherwise. Light conduct on her part would bring scandal on the community, and her marriage should be advantageous to it if possible. Therefore, she is not allowed the privileges of the humbler sisterhood, and she awaits, in general, the sanction of her parents. But if the husband they approve is not satisfactory to her mind she may refuse him, and very often she does. No form of compulsion may be used, for the Dyak girl has spirit enough, and she does not hesitate to run away if pressed too hard, or even to kill herself, but in such cases, I imagine, there is some stronger motive unavowed.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Mount Tacoma.

By the new measurement the famous Mount Popocatepetl of Mexico, supposed to be one of the highest mountains in the world, is not quite so high as Mount Tacoma, the marvelous mountain that towers three miles into the air within sight of the city of Tacoma on Puget Sound. From the city Mount Tacoma is so grand and so vivid in every feature that it seems to be almost within rifle shot. "How far off is the mountain?" a stranger was asked one evening when the sunset flush reddened the lovely peak of eternal snow. "It is farther than it appears, I suppose," was the answer; "but it is not more than two miles away." The mountain was sixty miles distant in an air line.